

A
STAFFORDSHIRE
LEGEND.

&c.

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12
By Mariana Eugenia Jeffreys
later Mrs Wrottesley

Edward Salt.

with love & best wishes
from

Mr Wistley

Xmas 1872.

A

STAFFORDSHIRE LEGEND,

ETC.

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Villa Morini,

Porta alla Croce.

Florence, June 6, 1885.

Reverend and Dear Sir.-

In a volume styled "The Martyrs, the Dreams, and other Poems," by the very Rev. Dr. Newman (late Dean of Capetown) there are twelve sonnets translated from the Italian of Petrarch by "A. W." The "W." is said to indicate the name of Wrottesley.

Again, in a small volume entitled "A Staffordshire Legend, etc.; by the Author of 'Hoel, the hostage';" printed at Wolverhampton in 1851, understood to be by Mrs. E. J. Wrottesley, there are twenty sonnets translated from the same poet.

This latter book was issued to aid in the building of "an Infant and Sunday School at Compton, in the parish of Tettenhall." I am anxious to ascertain whether these two groups of sonnets were translated by the same hand, whether the translator be still living, and his or her full name. It must be borne in mind that the volume last mentioned contains nothing to show that the "Staffordshire Legend", with which the book opens, is from the same pen as the translated sonnets. The little work is dedicated "To the Lady Wrottesley", and is dated "Tettenhall Parsonage, August 19, 1851."

If you can throw any light on
this subject you would confer a great
favor on yours respectfully,

Willard Fiske.



A

Staffordshire Legend,

ETC.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "HOEL, THE HOSTAGE."

WOLVERHAMPTON :
WILLIAM PARKE, HIGH STREET.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

MDCCCLI.

The Profits (if any) arising from the sale of this Book will be given in aid of the same object as that to which the Funds of the Bazaar are to be appropriated, viz:—the building of an Infant and Sunday School at Compton, in the parish of Tettenhall.

Florence, June 15.



Villa Gorini,
Porta alla Croce.

Dear Madam.

I feel greatly obliged to
you for your very full and
satisfactory note of the 11th instant.
It gives me all the bibliographical
information desired.

Of your own "Staffordshire
Legends" I succeeded in finding a
copy some months ago; but I have
not yet seen the volume of N.
Newman's poems containing the

twelve sonnets rendered by Mrs. Edward Mottisley. The most diligent efforts of my agent in London have failed to discover a solitary copy, and I owe my knowledge of its title etc. only to a citation in "Notes and Queries" (2d series, vol. V., p. 225), where "A.W.'s" versions are mentioned along with your own.

It may possibly interest you to know that my collection of the various editions of Petrarch's Latin and Italian works, with the different commentaries, biographies etc., is

possibly the most considerable one
in existence, numbering now
upwards of 2600 volumes. Should
you chance at any time to be
in Florence it would give me very
great pleasure indeed to show
you the books.

I remain, with very great
regret, and with many thanks,

faithfully yours,

Willard Fiske —

M^r. Edward John Mottersley —



TO
THE LADY WROTTESLEY,
AND

The other Ladies of Tettenhall,

TO WHOSE

ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE AND GENEROUS SYMPATHY

WE ARE INDEBTED

FOR THE FORTHCOMING BAZAAR,

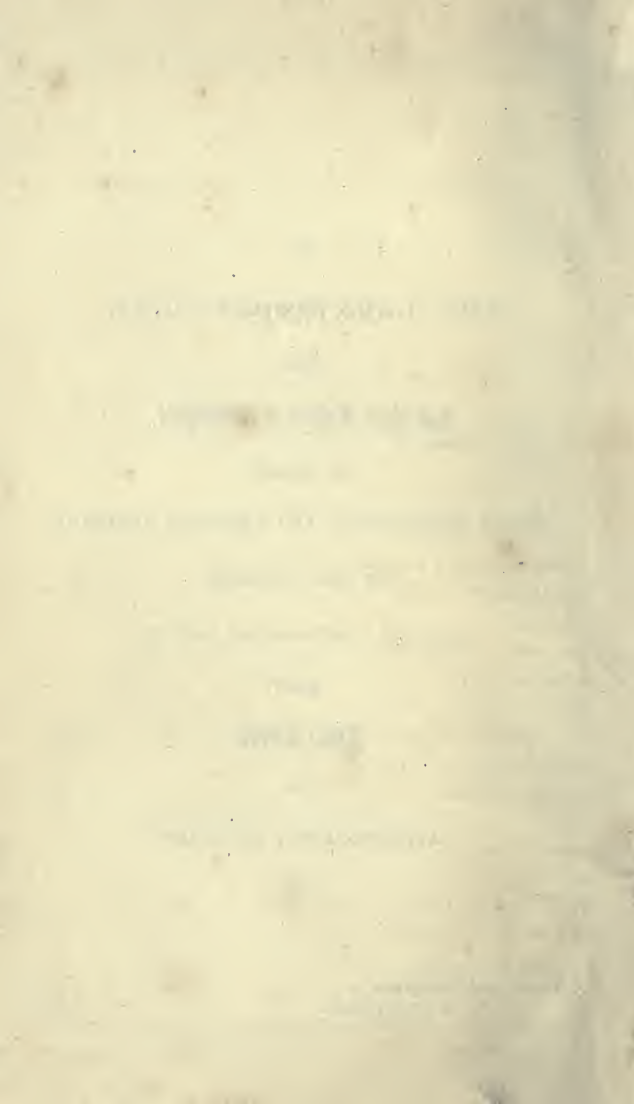
THIS

Little Work

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

TETTENHALL PARSONAGE,
AUGUST 19, 1851.



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A Staffordshire Legend.

“OH! sister, leave thy broidery frame,
The garden alleys crowd with flowers,
The meanest bud of which would shame
The toil of all thy sunlit hours.”

He took her hand, he led her by
The glowing tulips and the rose,
For well she read, in voice and eye,
The deeper tale they would disclose :

“He is not safe ;—dear Jane, thy heart,
Thy loyal heart, is beating fast,
And thou and I must act our part,
To keep him for his own at last :

“ Escaped from Worcester’s fatal field,
From ills that would the boldest scare,
’Twould ill become us *now* to yield
To the wild promptings of despair :

“ When the night fell, with sudden gloom,
On Kinver Heath, ’twas GIFFARD led
The Sovereign from a fearful doom,
Long be that name rememberèd !

“ Garter and George were thrust aside,
His soldier garb, and flowing hair,
And donned a country suit, supplied
By those who served his humble fare.

“ The rustic brothers knew no fear,
Content to die the prize to win,
And shewed, beneath a peasant’s gear,
How throbbed the knightly heart within.

“ Oh ! happy oak with ivy clad,
Thy memory shall live for aye,
And anxious tongues shall turn to glad,
Whilst telling of that wondrous day,—

“ Yes, sister, to yon sheltering tree
Pilgrims and poets long shall come,
And envy him upon whose knee
The hunted Monarch dreamt of home :

“ Shall Boscobel and Moseley Hall
The honours of the rescue share,
And Bentley’s loyal lineage fall
Without a hand the risk to dare ?

“ No sword-girt hand, oh ! sister, mine,
No warlike bosom need we here,
But those as white and pure as thine,
For this our Liege’s Cavalier ;

“ The KNIGHT of WROTTESLEY would not ask
A greater boon than my behest,
Nor gallant LEVISON deem the task
Aught save the proudest and the best.”

He whispered low,—her cheek grew pale,—
A start the maiden’s ringlets shook,—
But her soft glances did not quail
Before her brother’s earnest look.

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The sun rose bright in eastern sky,—
At Bentley's gate a palfrey stood,—
A ladye mounted pillion high,—
A serving man before her rode.

Fair speed the travellers on their way,
Perils are thickly scattered there,
But woman's wit shall win the day,
And woman's name the rescue share !

THE DREAM OF CHRISTINE.

A Fragment.

Yes ! it is spread with many stones,
Sharp welcome to the feet,
Nor fountain's healing flow atones
For thorns, which ever greet
The Pilgrim of this rugged plain,
Where Want and Horror, Doubt and Pain,
Inhospitably meet :

Yet here a woman, slight and fair,
Her steady path pursues,
With angel brow and braided hair,
And eye that calmly views
The coming night without dismay,
She closer draws her mantle grey,
To screen from falling dews.

More closely folded to her breast,
The sacred symbol lies,—
His symbol, whom she loveth best
Above all worldly prize ;
For whose dear sake she hath resigned
Fortune, and fame, and kith, and kind,
A choice divinely wise.

This cruel Desert well she knows,
Its aspect is a friend's ;—
O'er sands, which burn with human woes,
Or rock and briar she wends ;
The Thunder's threat, the fell Simoom,—
The chilling vapours of the tomb,—
To none her spirit bends.

“Not always thus,” she said, and sighed,
“With firm unflinching tread,
On Sorrow’s plain, so wild and wide,
My early steps were led ;
With wails, and tears, and backward glance,
I shunned retreat, nor dared advance,
Palsied by faithless dread :

“Oh ! ’twas a bitter thing to see,
A sharp, sharp pang to know,
The shrines of my apostate knee
Beneath one righteous blow
Of Him, whose name is Jealous, fade
Swift as the hues of light that made
The Heaven-spanning bow.”

Onward she went,—thoughts of the Past
Her eyes soft fire renewed ;
Fresh strength within her bosom cast,
All dauntlessly she viewed
The filmy shapes that flitted round,
The crawling monsters on the ground,
With mortal ill imbued.

Onward she went, and then serene,
 Paused she for rest awhile ;
On the dank sward, that bright Christine
 Lay, and, with grateful smile,
Surveyed her track,—the lightning showed
How weary was the Desert road,
 How dangerous the Defile.

With arms uplift to Heaven, she gave
 The praise unto her Lord ;
And then, with humble heart and brave,
 A bounty she implored ;—
A healing sleep—a gentle dream
Of soothing power, and strengthening theme,
 Her rest from harm to ward.

In earnest prayer, her eyes she closed,
 In perfect trust her cheek
Upon a flinty rock reposed ;
 Nor prayer, nor trust were weak,—
For, lulled as by an Angel's wing,
She sleeps, and straightway visions spring
 Heroically meek.

A fair and shining companie,
Whose earthly sands are run,
Descend as from a cloudless sky,
And in their midst is one,—
She, who above all women blest,
Had held her Saviour to her breast,
Her Saviour, and her Son !

Not pale, as when at Bethlehem,
A Mother's pangs she proved,
Bent o'er the Bud from Jesse's stem,
And worshipped while she loved ;
Not as upon that awful day,
Beneath the Cross in woe she lay,
And His compassion moved ;

Not wan with watching and with tears,
As kneeling by His tomb,
The Holy Mary now appears,—
Her brow is freed from gloom ;
A saintly joy is her's agen,
A queenly crown, though meek as when
She heard her glorious doom :

And round her grouped, Christine discerned
Many beloved of old ;
Anna, the aged Saint, who burned
With constant zeal, and told
The Christ ;—and she, who washed his feet
With contrite tears, devoutly sweet,
And hairs of living gold :

Those who supplied their Master's need,
And mourned around His tree,
Who to the chosen bore with speed
The tidings He was free !
And she who served, and she who heard,
The sisters quickened by the Word,
Who dwelt at Bethany.

Arranged in spotless white, a palm
Bearing in each right hand,
Their faces glorified and calm,
The Virgin-Martyrs stand ;—
What now to them the axe and wheel,—
The Heathen's scourge,—the Paynim's steel,—
The torture, and the brand ?

Here, Catherine, the strong in death,—
Fidelia, the fair,—
And she, who to her latest breath
In song preferred her prayer;—
Here the young Agnes, steadfast child;
And she who with the Rood beguiled
The Lion to his lair:

Another band is by their side,
No Martyr's palm they bear;
But faithful are their hearts, and tried
By grief, and pain, and care,
The hidden witnesses, who raise
God's glory in unconscious ways,
His rest may also share!

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CONSTANCY.



He loved her, when the dreams of Youth,
Like stars through prison windows shone ;
When Want and Hardship, forms uncouth,
His ardent spirit pressed upon ;
His day-task done—with eager feet
He fled across the silent street,
And flinging to his Mother down
The florin, or the hoarded crown ;
Full oft, the untasted meal forgot,
He hurried to the blessed spot,
Where, decked in all their brave array,
The City Peers kept holiday :
Fair was the place, a verdant shade
The lindens and acacias made,
And to the fountain's silvery tune
Warbled the nightingales of June,
And shapes of Art, a glorious band
Glowed freshly from the Sculptor's hand ;
But sight or sound had small control
To sway the current of his soul,

For *one* there was among that crowd
To whom his every thought was vowed,
Though farthest from the Maiden's ken,
He loved her then,—he loved her then.

He loved her, when his genius burst
The trammels of his low estate ;
And Art in painful silence nursed,
Sought, not in vain, a gentler fate ;
'Tis true that years had passed the while,
That leagues withheld him from her smile,
Nor Time nor Distance e'er could part
Her image from his inmost heart :
His subjects, Virgin Mother mild,
Or Saint or Seraph undefiled,
How loved he in each theme to trace
Some mood or feature of her face ;
Now would repeat her amber hair,
Her arching brows or pensive air,
And, as his hand his will obeyed,
Adore the idol he had made ;
Or waking from his troubled sleep,
Before his easel gaze, and weep—
Not hopeless tears, for from the hour,
When dawned the knowledge of his power,

His visions of the day and night,
Had worn a less ideal light ;
Though undivulged by tongue or pen,
He loved her then,—he loved her then.

Not always thus ;—at last it came,
The day which crowned his struggling life,
With love, with riches, and with fame,—
He wooed and won her for his wife.
Oh ! day of triumph, when he bore
His darling from the altar floor,
And in a princely home enshrined
Her Empress o'er his heart and mind !
What was this gold, but as it brought
Fruition to *her* slightest thought ?
What was this fame, save when it raised
A blush to hear *her* husband praised ?
These honours—empty boastings all,
Excepting as on *her* they fall ?
And he was happy ;—in her eyes
He read her spirit's mysteries ;
Her cheek pressed closely to his own,
He caught, with raptured ear, the tone
Of that dear voice, now prompt to claim,
By every kind and tender name,

His fond regards ; or at her feet,
The moments sped in converse sweet,
An Eden bloomed on earth again,—
He loved—and loved her not in vain.

“ Too bright too beautiful to last ! ”

’Twas thus with trembling heart he sighed,—
Sudden the sky is overcast,

The flowers droop, the clouds divide.
He sleeps, and guiltless are his dreams,—
He wakes, and morning’s ruddiest beams
Greet him a beggar !—these fair halls
Must be exchanged for cottage walls,—
This dainty food and costly vair,
For russet garb and peasant fare,—
For *him* what matter !—but for *her*
This dark reverse hath power to stir
Rebellious murmurs in his breast.
Awhile, with anguish unsuppressed,
He vents his grief ;—but Love and Hope
With mightier enemies can cope ;
And these the sweet reflections wake,
He still may labour for her sake,
And with increased devotion bear
The burden she will fondly share.

When lo ! her Brother's open gate
Offers a more luxurious fate ;
And faithless was the look she cast
At bye-gone ease and pleasures past ;—
Too generous a choice he made,
And she too willingly obeyed ;
Such strokes may wound, but cannot kill,—
He loved her *still* !—he loved her *still* !

Alas for him ! the watchful night
Too soon succeeds the weary day ;
Where are those visions of delight
That round his canvass erst would stray ?
Alas for him !—'tis hard to bear
The cold grim presence of Despair,
The silent room—the lonely hearth—
And, worse than all, the hourly birth
Of bitter thoughts, and madd'ning fears,
And vain regrets for former years.
And Time passed on ;—Ambition, Pride,
Long since hath in his bosom died ;
In a strange land he dwelt, and earned
The bread which fed the life he spurned ;
When at his door there lighted down
A horseman from his native town ;—

Herald of Woe !—In haste he sped
To kneel beside her dying bed ;—
One prayer for grace—one hurried glance ;—
Is this the sunny countenance ?
Are *these* pale features, sharp and wan,
The lights he used to gaze upon ?
She weeps,—she calls upon his name,—
That low, sweet voice,—it is the same ;—
For ever in his ears will live
That agonizing cry—“ Forgive ! ”
Once more she lies upon his heart,
Once more she feels herself a part
Of his own being, and to Death
Yields on his lips her latest breath,
For in that moment he confest
He loved her well,—he loved her best.

Rest for the weary limbs, and balm
To soothe the aching heart, and rays
From the celestial orb, to calm
The soul that walks in troubled ways !
His toil resumed, no more he turns
From kindly looks away, nor spurns
Of friendliness the word and hand
Which bound him to his Fatherland ;

And that deep sense of lovely things,
The feeling whence all power springs
T' embody with religious zeal
Types for the universal weal,
Again breaks forth ; with loftier truth
The genius of his gifted youth
Returns again ;—his breast once more
Reflects her image as of yore.
Now listen to the holy breath
That greets, *not sues*, the arms of death ;
Now read within his kindling eye
Faith, Patience, and Tranquillity ;
But even with these parting prayers
One thought, *one* dream of earth he shares,
Still with his own *her* name must blend,
He loved—he loved her to the end!

THE DEATH OF MELANCTHON.

It is recorded of Melancthon, that, some days before he expired, he wrote upon a piece of paper, in two columns, the reasons why he ought not to regret leaving this world. One of these columns contained the blessings which Death would procure him; the other the evils from which Death would release him. He put only two articles into the latter:—that he should sin no more; and that he should no longer be exposed to the rage of the Divines. The other column contained six heads:—

- I. That he should come to the light;
 - II. That he should see God;
 - III. That he should contemplate the Son of God;
 - IV. That he should understand those admirable mysteries that he could not comprehend in this life;
 - V. Why we are created such as we are;
 - VI. What is the union of the two natures in Jesus Christ.
-

I.

Bow down in rev'rence; meekly tread and slowly;
 Leave at the threshold every trifling thought;
 Let thou and I among the silent watchers
 Behold Humanity divinely wrought;—
 A Pilgrim—weary, footsore, and opprest,
 A Saint—expecting his eternal rest.

II.

Prostrate his form, emaciate with sickness,
The lights of day are waning in his eyes ;
Silvered, though not all snow, his hair is parted
Back from a brow, where seek for no disguise.
Thoughts—noble, tender, searching, and refined—
Which made a daily altar of that mind,

III.

Vowed unto Love—the love of the Uniter ;
Backed by no strong temptations from within ;
By Faith ennobled, sanctified, and strengthened ;
And only vexed that the unceasing din
Of vain disputes and controversial pride
His reconciling labours still defied.

IV.

Ah ! see, a ray of joy illumines his features ;
Supported on his elbow now he leans ;
Earnest desire lifts his languid eyelids—
Tells that rapt smile of earlier, dearer scenes ;
Or forward does his sanguine spirit rush,
Impatient for his rest—the Grave's untroubled hush?

V.

Back to the haunts of Knowledge is he roaming,
To try the metals of Philosophy
With the refiner's crucible, whilst filling
Her barns with store of Christian Liberty?
Or by the Monk of Erfurt does he sit,
Conversing as when first their souls were knit

VI.

In bonds of love unfeigned—when bolder daring
Gave courage to the milder heart, and Peace
Passed, like a winged Angel, to the bosom,
Strange to her visitings? (What sweet increase
Of Heavenly glory, and good will below,
These mutual gains of righteous friendship show!)

VII.

Regrets his fervent soul the solemn Masses,
When knelt the crowd at complin and at prime,
Envies he those who leave their beds at midnight,
Prompt to obey the punctual matin's chime,
When moon and star outface the tapers dim,
To lead the practised chaunt or invocation hymn?

VIII.

Or does the dying Sage recal with triumph
The time when Fame and Flattery hemmed him
round ;
When Prince and Peer bent low before his reason,
And bade him mark their creed's ambiguous bound,
And from the Foe secure each mountain pass
With goodly walls of adamant and brass ?

IX.

He speaks in tones low, equable, and tender,
Like to a murmuring sound his accents fall,
When o'er its breast hang down the withering alders,
(A seemly fringe for fading Nature's pall ;)
“ Oh ! welcome Death, to me thy face is fair,
For bears thy tongue no message of despair ;

X.

“ Yet have I cherished Life, and hailed the bounties
Wherewith the Lord of Life has strewn my way ;
The charms of Learning, and the joys of Science
Have in my soul held frequent holiday ;
Love, Honour, Kindness, and a Parent's name,
Enkindling then a holy happy flame ;

XI.

“ And more, far more than these, the ardent longings
For God’s own counsel have my spirit filled ;
Led to discern beneath encumbering falsehoods,
The Church His constant hand doth ever build
Of faithful witnesses that rest alone
On the just merits of the Corner Stone.

XII.

“ But welcome Death, thy face is fair and pleasant,
With thee I leave the world’s distracting din ;
I leave a land, dark with the strife of parties,
For one where dwelleth neither Hate nor Sin ;
There all shall be revealed, for *there is light*,
For sense too pure, for mortal eyes too bright !

XIII.

“ Have those veiled twins fled from the earth for ever,
Meekness and true Obedience, driven hence
By lusts of Pride and Passion, falsely wearing
The mask of Zeal, the cloak of Innocence ;
Unheard our Mother’s clear, harmonious notes
Among the discord of a thousand throats !

XIV.

“ Oh ! ye perverse ones ; even Herod’s soldiers,
Rude though they were, and warm with venal fire,
Forbore to rend the coat of the Redeemer,
That seamless garment, perfect and entire ;
But ye despise His law of love, and tear
The robes of light His mercy bids you share !

XV.

“ I know, oh ! Lord, Thou chastenest when Thou lovest,
Making thy servants perfect but through Pain ;
Let me receive this test of Thine acceptance,
E’en though it proves me to have lived in vain,
To have borne the burden of the noontide sun,
Yet left the vineyard with my task undone.

XVI.

“ Thy glory is the same, although we perish ;
Thy glory is the same from age to age ;
And as Thy Word restraineth the furious waters,
So canst Thou also calm Thy people’s rage ;
Then let me go, rejoicing in my loss,
Thankful to taste the dolours of the Cross !”

A SONG OF THE LYN.

River ! by thy winding way
I could rove for evermore,
List'ning to thy murmuring lay,
Under chime and mimic roar ;
Thus it falls, thy summer song,—
Thus it falls in accents clear ;
If I do thy music wrong,
Blame thou my untuneful ear.

LYN LOQUITUR.

“ I would learn thee, I would learn thee,
Truths that never come too late :
Fairy monitors to turn thee
From the precipice of Fate ;
Sigh not after present Pleasure,
Nor on Danger's margin sleep,
Lest, like mine, thy bounteous measure,
Overflow the rocky steep.

“ I would shew thee, I would shew thee,
How a firm and tender mind
Conquers all that would o’erthrow thee,
Yields and wins, with Wisdom kind;
I have found a track the surest,
Through a maze of rugged stones,
Softened them by kisses purest—
Polished them by gentlest tones.

“ I would warn thee, I would warn thee,
If in idlesse thou dost rest,
That my brighter life will scorn thee,
For the weeds which throng thy breast;
To the sluggish pool be given
Art to veil each dark retreat,
Thou, beneath the eye of Heaven,
Run, like me, in candour sweet.”

SONNETS.

I.

Time was, Beloved, when thou wert oft a thrall
To jealous fears, and doubts that shook thy peace,
Sapping its strong foundations ;—when increase
Of Power, or Joy, or *even Love*, could call
Those demons from their dark abodes, to fall
Again to their remorseless work, nor cease
Until thy wearied heart would seek release
In contrite vows unto the Lord of All :—
Such were thine envied days, thy courted hours,
Such the unrecked of trials of thy spring ;
But, blessed change, since then, above the bowers
Of thy vexed soul a thunder storm hath burst,
Crushing, mayhap, some garlands with its wing,
But scaring those that made its atmosphere accurst !

II.

On, *gently* on ! why doth the rosy ling,
The golden gorse, and the bog-myrtle, stay
Our eager steps? Methinks our zeal to day
Outstrips the circumspection that would fling
All trifling obstacles aside, and bring
A calm success to crown the traveller's way :
Ah ! why such thriftless haste ? Shall we survey
The scene to which our loving mem'ries cling,
From the ambitious crest of this famed hill,
With purer satisfaction, if we gain
Its promised height through weariness and pain ;
With throbbing brows, and tongues from weakness
still ;
Inaudible ! Oh ! let us not despise
In loftier aims, the patience of the wise !

III.

We do but seek to grasp a shape of air,
When yearningly, with bounteous hearts, we sigh
For universal love and sympathy ;
And deem that, if the slaves of worldly care,
Of pleasure, or ambition, may not share
A common soul, where selfish thoughts must die ;
Yet, that more blest than these, it is our high
And holy privilege, so to compare
(As Nature's worshippers) our several minds,
That through all Time and Space they seem as one :
Sweet phantasy, but vain as sweet ! the winds
Loosed from the North, blow not the same to all :
What makes the Arab hail the rising sun,
Sings to the Russian of his icy thrall.

IV.

I knew thee not in the glad days of old,
And yet thy presence haunts me like a dream,
Turning the Past into a crystal stream,
That ever floweth over sands of gold ;
And by its marge we wander, and behold
The dragon fly athwart its surface gleam,
Or watch, with thoughtful gaze, th' alternate beam,
Of sun and star the lily buds unfold ;
Pure emblems of th' favoured ones who rise
To find in Home's encircling charities
Shelter and Peace, as these among their leaves,
Yielding unhurt to Life's capricious wave,
Yet, ever true to Heaven, that receives
From their uplifted eyes the loveliness it gave.

V.

Now let us sit and watch the flowing tide,
Nor call it waste of hours ;—the summer eve
Is bright, and almost tranquil,—a reprieve
From tempest we enjoy, and far and wide
A Sabbath for the elements is cried ;
The skies are fair, the winds in whispers grieve ;
But mark the waves, their angry bosoms heave,
Their voices rave with wrath unpacified ;
Foaming, they rush into their wat'ry strife,
And break upon the shore with threat'ning din,
Refusing to be soothed. Alas ! for those
Who nurse their passion into furious life,
And launch their will upon the waves of Sin,
Vainly for them is shed Heaven's rapture of repose.

VI.

“ Give us your prayers !”—Thus speaks the Christian’s
tone,

Thus be interpreted the sad caress ;

When those tried hearts whose rooted tenderness,
Like boughs of western forests, have upgrown,
Entwined through storm and sunshine with our own,
Are summoned hence by Duty’s call to bless
A distant home, whilst weeping we confess
Our desolate estate.—“ Where art thou flown,

Thou dearest one ? Earth hears no more the sound
Of thy pure feet walking the ways of peace ;”

Yet dare we cry “ give us thy prayers, nor cease

Thy fond accustomed pleadings, till unwound
This chain of doubt and fear, and we rejoice
In the low music of our Mother’s voice !”

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

I.

The Spectre of the Brocken seems
Unto the vulgar eye,
A fearful thing of pagan dreams,
And wizard agency ;
But they who gaze, in truth behold
Their own reflection there,
Crowned with a wreath of lambent gold,
And treading on the air.

II.

'Tis thus at least she would receive
That ghostly sight, who now
Essays, though late the autumn eve,
To climb the mountain's brow ;
A three-years' child upon her arm,
With earnest love she bore,
Nor sign of shrinking or alarm
Her calm demeanour wore :

III.

For in her soul Affection's doom
Chased evil shadows forth ;
And tender spirits left no room
For ministers of Wrath ;
Of Earth and Heaven she oft times spake
As of a two-fold home ;
Her children *here* their sojourn make,
Her husband *there* doth roam..

IV.

Was it well done ?—The silent snow
Falls sullenly at first ;
The clouds close round,—the sun dips low,—
The brooding storm hath burst !
She keeps good heart,—she presses on,—
The beacon is in sight,—
A blessed moon hath often shone
From out a wilder night.

V.

Nobly she strove,—but all in vain ;
Her limbs refused their aid,
And faint from weariness and pain,
Upon the ground she laid ;—

Her child, upon her breast reclined,
 (Warm shelter to the last,)
Dreams of his playmates left behind,
 Unconscious of the blast.

VI.

“The wild cat steals along the wood,
 The hawk sails out to prey,—
But, for the helpless and the good,
 Who shall their cause betray?
Fly upwards, upwards, little bird,
 Droop not the tiny wing,
And, though by earthly ears unheard,
 Of Freedom thou shalt sing:

VII.

“There, safe beyond the curtained clouds,
 Thy meek thanksgiving yield,
And to thy sight, in radiant crowds,
 Bright shapes shall be revealed;
For in each sanctuary spot
 His messengers are found,
Without whose knowledge falleth not
 A sparrow to the ground.”

VIII.

Thus warbling in a sweet, low strain,
That strengthen'd ere its close,
She woke her sleeping boy again,
And in the frozen snows
She bent his dimpled knees, and raised
His rosy hands aloft,
Then bade him pray;—the babe, amazed,
Replied in accents soft:—

IX.

“ Our Father, Thou Who art above,
Blest be thy holy Name ;
And, as in Heaven rules Thy love,
Be it on Earth the same ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
Forgive, as we are kind ;
Let us not be to evil lead,
But swift deliverance find.”

X.

Hark ! hark ! above the shrieking storm
A signal shot resounds,
And by that pale recumbent form
A faithful creature bounds ;

He licks her hand, and pants and cries,
Half frantic with delight,
Then to his master backward hies,
To lead him to the site.

XI.

She strives her fading sense to rouse,
And by the torch-light sees
Two rough clad men with anxious brows,
One lifting from his knees,
With tender care, her shivering child ;—
Faith's sweet reward was given,—
And then, rejoicing in the wild,
Her spirit sprung to Heaven.

TO———.

Heavy upon thy soul it fell,
The iron hand of Sorrow ;
Tolled in thy ear Hope's funeral knell,
Thou viewest the to-morrow

As calm-bound voyagers behold
The orb set in a blaze of gold,
As captives gaze upon their chains,
Yet feel the life blood in their veins.
Flow as of old !

Thy radiant hair with ashes strewed,
Thy fair cheek stained with weeping,
Clad in a robe of sackcloth rude,
Its cumbrous foldings sweeping
The dust beneath thy feet I see,
Thine altered self—the magic key,
Ere while to open and combine
The spirits that acknowledged thine
Queenlike and free !

And from thy silver-chiming tongue
Come notes of sad blaspheming,
Ungentle complaints too surely wrung,
By hours of sickly dreaming ;
Thou raillest at the guardian sun,
His garish summer beams have won
No entrance to thy closed heart,
The voice of birds and streams their part
Vainly have done.

A little while—a little while—
And Patience shall enfold thee
With strong kind arms,—her serious smile
From evil shall withhold thee ;—
The lovely hues of field and flower
Will in thy sight resume their power,
Nature's dear gifts thine eyes will bless
Again with dews of thankfulness,
A gracious shower :

The light dance of the air-tost leaves
Shall raise a sweet emotion,—
The moon which shines on Autumn sheaves,
The majesty of Ocean ;
The silent river's fruitful way,
The rock enwreathed with lichens grey,
The graceful ferns that bend to look
At their own image in the brook,
All shall bear sway.

Then shall the lark pour thrilling strains,
And thou wilt heed her singing,
And listen when the dove complains,
And bless the bee's home-winged ;—

Then will the distant sheep bell's tone
Recal a shepherd all thine own,
Pastures for ever green—a fold
Where perfect peace shall wax not old,
Nor grief be known !

ST. JAMES'S EPISTLE,

CHAP. III.

Strife by the peaceful hearth—
Dishonour to the brave—
Rude hours of godless mirth—
And Virtue's sudden grave—
Taunts that can move the worm—
Proofs of a nation's shame—
Revenge's nurse, and Slavery's germ—
And a poison cup of Fame ;—
Such are the trophies strung
Unto thy chariot wheels,
And such the use that Satan steals
From thee, oh, cruel Tongue !

Blessings in hall and bower—
The mother's cradle song—
The vows of Love's dear hour—
And greetings which belong
But to the faithful—notes of praise,
And warnings gravely fond that come
From the same tender fount, and raise
Sweet reveries of youth and home ;—
Such are the roses hung
Upon thy garland fair,
And joy and peace delight to share
These gifts, oh, gentle Tongue !

Suspicious that lay waste
All human sympathy—
Dark hints of faith misplaced—
And truth proclaimed a lie—
Lures to entrap the vain—
For the weak a muttered spell—
And missiles to assault the fane
Where holiest memories dwell ;—
Such are the asps that stung
Of old at thy behest,
And still surround their ancient nest,
Oh, thou deceitful Tongue !

Hopes for the anxious soul—
Remembrance for the bowed—
And speech of grace to bring the goal
Nearer the meekly proud—
Tales to exalt the child—
Music for sadder years—
High thoughts, and visions wild
To dry the mourner's tears ;—
Such are the gems among
The caskets of thy dower,
They fall on earth a costly shower,
From thee, oh, precious Tongue !

The ban of ruthless War—
The pardon of a King—
A cloud despised afar,
Whence awful thunders spring—
A honey-dropping dew
Of prayer through every loss—
Curses the utterer shall rue—
And tidings of the Cross ;—
Such are the colours flung
On thy banners here below ;
To choose the right, through weal and woe,
Be mine, mysterious Tongue !

P E A C E .

WRITTEN ON SEEING A DESIGN FOR A FRESCO, BY A MODERN ARTIST,
WITH THE ABOVE TITLE.

Peace ! thou Angel of the Light,
Make my spirit clear and bright,—
Give my languid pulses tone,—
Guide my temper by thine own,—
Regulate my wayward will,—
Check the throng of thoughts that fill
With bewildering strife my heart,—
Chase the memories which start,
Now to dazzle, now to sting;
Chase them with thy healing wing,—
Shade me with thine olive bough,—
Make me even such as thou !

Let the varied Past be viewed,
With its tempests, wild and rude ;
With its sudden springing flowers ;
With its sunshine and its showers ;
With its starlight, soft and pale ;
With its biting northern gale ;

With its hopes that lie a waste ;
With its fears in bliss effaced ;
As a mystic scroll from whence
Patience—Faith—Obedience—
May be learnt in word and deed,
By the souls who rightly read.

Let me look on present days
With a meek and watchful gaze ;
Every minute as it flies
Burden bears of smiles or sighs,
Evil thought, or good intent,
Pride, or kindness, or content,
Idleness, or sore regret,
Or a mind more sweetly set ;
Let me, therefore, watch and ward,
Lest a false note mar the chord,
Lest a rash or tuneless wire
Bring to dissonance the choir.

For the future let me feel
No vain longings o'er me steal ;
But if Fancy will not sleep,
Moving me to smile or weep,

At the joys or trials sore,
That for me may be in store,
Be thou near, oh ! gentle Peace,
Timely bid her influence cease,
Lest in idle dreams I lose
All thy lessons would infuse,
And withdrawn to earth, my sight
Cannot brook a purer light.

Archtype of all things ! when the Father crowned
His works with blessing, and Creation's heir
Looked on the creatures doomed with him to share
The leafy shades of Eden's hallowed ground,
And call him Lord ; the Angels that surround
Th' eternal Throne, beheld prefigured there
That time of Love when the whole earth shall bear
The yoke of Thy dominion, when the sound
Of Thy great Name, oh ! Son of God, shall rend
The mountain tops, and make the valleys sing
With joy and gladness ; when at Thy command
The wolf and lamb in peace their lives shall spend,
And palms and myrtles wave throughout the land
Wherein is built the City of the King !

“ Justice and Faith and Mercy,” these, oh, Lord,
Are the requirements of Thy righteous will ;
But woe to those, who, eager to fulfil
The mighty task and earn the bright reward,
Cling less unto the Sceptre than the Sword ;
Woe unto those, who on the Sacred Hill
See not thy Cross from day to day, until
They at its foot lay down their cherished hoard
Of earth-born hopes and sinful phantasies ;
Then lightened of their burdens and renewed
In heart and purpose, strain their anxious eyes
Far onward from the goal unto the prize,
Leaning upon the staff of Faith endued
With Righteousness and Mercy from the Rood.

Shadows and Types !—I look upon the Earth
The impress of Thy Majesty is here,
The mountains tell us of that time of fear,
When in the midst of sin and godless mirth,
Thy vengeful waters swept the monstrous girth
Of the Old World ;—Ocean and Atmosphere,
These are Thy slaves, and if the stars appear
Mysterious in their beauty, if their worth
Our age of iron knowledge hath not found,
Still can we say their voices sing of Thee
Sweetly as when of yore went forth their sound
Unto all lands ;—when shepherds held the key
To their celestial speech, and Wisdom crowned
Those midnight readers of Infinity.

EPIPHANY.

Star of the East ! when o'er th' Chaldæan plain
Thy ministering rays in beauty broke,
What eloquence of light was thine that woke
The Magi's hearts to follow in thy train,
And seek, with fearless faith, the lowly fane
Where lay the new-born Christ,—there never spoke
An Angel more divinely : Lo ! the smoke
Of Gentile incense rose, and not in vain,
While gold and myrrh brought from afar, were spread
Around in precious heaps as to a King.
Suffer, oh ! God, Thy Gospel star to shine,
With equal truth, o'er each benighted head,
Leading them forth to kneel at Bethlehem's shrine,
Their tribute prayer, and praise their offering.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

So early in the Temple ! ere it faded
The wreath of morning on that sacred brow,
Among the learned men of Israel now
See the Child Jesus stand, alone, unaided,
And by the power of heavenly wisdom shaded,
Astonish all who listen by the flow
Of His meek eloquence that seemed to show
Such wondrous gifts combined ; and when upbraided
By his fond, fearful Mother, who had sought
Him, “sorrowing long,” how full of Prophecy
(Though breathed to closèd ears) is his reply ;
See in this Gospel page how firmly wrought
The truths of filial love and duty lie,
By the young Saviour’s own example taught.

Not seldom in the Christian dawn were found
High hearts and holy—men, whose steadfast eyes
Beheld the Sun of Righteousness arise
With healing on His wings, and straightway bound
The Spirit's armour on, as to the ground
They cast each earthly hope—yielding the ties
Of home and country for that greater prize,
Their Master's cause.—What, if it often frowned
The unrighteous world, upon their righteous zeal,
And frowning smote?—Such deeds were prophesied.
What if Death came by famine, fire, and steel?
Death's Victor placed an angel at their side,
Upon their martyrèd brows to set the seal
Of Heaven's grace—the signet of the Bride.

Thy perfect rule of Love—when shall we grave
Its lessons, Lord, on our censorious minds ?
Where lurks the heart of tend'rest mould, that finds
Subjects alone for blessing ? Idly rave
A myriad tongues, if the once just and brave
Fall from their high estate, and careless winds
Scatter the charity that ever binds
Thy Church in Heaven, triumphant :—Jesu save
Thine earthly servants from this evil thing,
Which haunts our public ways and creeps beside
Our very hearths ; let not temptation spring
To judge and to condemn, when ills abide
Within our brothers' homes ; and quench the pride
That must Thy threatened retribution bring !

ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

May we not fitly glory, that our age
From the deep gulph of obloquy and shame
Hath brought the pious mem'ry of thy name,
And placed it among those who should engage
Our reverence and love? What though the rage
Of wicked men o'erthrew thy worldly fame,
And, from the prison to the block, with shame
Led thee to end thy zealous pilgrimage.
It was thy mother whom their hearts abhorred ;
Her altars were the lights they strove to lay
Low in the dust ; her precepts were the hoard
They sought to scatter to the winds a prey ;
And this, thy doom of blood, was meet reward
For Faith and Duty, in that evil day.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

Hark ! from the house proceeds a sound of wailing,
Where Death to-day his bridal feast hath kept,
And o'er the bed of her so fondly wept
A Mother's jealous love her face is veiling
From pitying eyes ;—one noontide ray is paling
The child's fair brow, whence the long hair is swept
In silken braids, and o'er her lids hath crept
The moisture of decay ;—sharp was her ailing
And sudden her decease ; but see they come,
The Great Physician, Peter, James, and John,
Following the Ruler to his darkened home.
“ Give place, the maiden is not dead but sleeping !”
And spite the scorner's laugh, the Holy One
Put forth His hand, and turned to joy their weeping.

I love not well to see the hornbeams clinging
Unto their garniture of withered leaves ;
It is a melancholy sight, that grieves
My inward spirit, when the groves are flinging
Their summer robes aside, and freely swinging
Their branches in the wind. Are these not they
Who prize their ancient pleasures in decay ?
And clasp the crumbling phantoms, altho' bringing
Delight no more ? Hark ! through the woods a voice,
“ Cast off, oh, Christians ! these deceits, and bare
Your very hearts to Heaven ; set not your choice
Upon the vanity which passeth by,
But bide the storm, and press ye on to share
The promised Spring of Immortality ! ”

Oh, blessed Liturgy, that leads us on
By gentle steps !—Now the Priest's words proclaim
God's pardoning love, and bid us humbly name
On bended knees our many sins ;—anon
Confession, and meek lips, with sorrow wan,
And eyes o'erflowing, brighten, as they claim
The Absolution, whilst Devotion's flame
Burns steadily ;—from prayer to benison,
We hasten forward, when the Psalm gives place
To that blest book "which all that run may read."
Once more the Chant arises, and the Creed,
That Casket of our Faith, is heard, each face
Turned to the East ;—again we praise and plead,
Until at last we reach the Feast of Grace.

Love, Joy and Grief, and Fear for ever springing,
Are these affections in the human heart
Acting an Angel's or a Demon's part ?
Now notes of comfort to the Pilgrim singing,
And now his soul with sobs of anguish wringing.
Lord, let the consolation and the smart
Be subject unto Thee ; and as Thou art
All wise, all just, all merciful in bringing
Thy wayward children to Thy feet, oh ! rule
Our every passion with Thy breath divine :
Add to our love, patience, and faith, and school
Our joy's exuberance ; let not grief repine
At Thy corrections, and bid fear be still,
Save when we murmur at Thy righteous will.

Not mine, oh ! Lord, the orisons alone
 Poured forth at morning or at eventide,
 When, if Devotion kneels not at my side,
Habit still murmurs, with her lips of stone,
The oft repeated prayer now haply grown
 A hollow sound, or worse, a task of pride ;
 But give me in my spirit to abide
A voice that shall for ever be Thine own,
 By day, by night, in crowds, or when the hush
Of silent, solitary thoughts give birth
 To musings, which the world is fain to crush,
Grant me this boon, O Lord ! and thus prepared
For good or evil, let me count the worth
 Of Time, as with Thy presence it is shared.

If o'er our hearts the weeds of discontent
Grow wild and rank, and we forget to prize
The glorious liberty that round us lies,
Then let us gaze upon the monument,
Reared in an age when Persecution spent
Her fury on the fold of Christ, and spies
Trained by the foe, with open dragon eyes,
Watched the devoted band, who nathless went
Forth to the place of torture undismayed.
Oh! Church of Faith, shall not our tears bedew
Thy page if carelessly beneath the shade
Of olive boughs our bridal lamps we trim,
When the racked Saint, with peaceful rapture, prayed,
And from the flames uprose the Virgin-Martyr's hymn?

THE TWO PILLARS.

Above his Rachael's lonely desert grave
A stone the Patriarch raised, designed to tell
To future generations, where it fell,
The blow that rent his heart in twain, and gave
Her gentle soul release, no more a slave
To human fears. Surely he minded well
That day the pillar built at El Bethel,
The token of God's bounteous love, and gave
To the dear memory of that blessèd hour,
Even amid his tears at Ephrath shed.
Oh! ye bereaved ones, when the tempests lour
Around the tombs where lie your cherished dead,
That time of darkness loses half its power,
If mercies past be then rememberèd.

Not for the rich and proud, and not for those
Who count the praise of men above the Word
Preached by the still small voice, that will be heard,
When all beside is mute, do they unclose
The Gates of Heaven ; upon their threshold glows
No dream of earth, no soul that hath preferred
The World before the Cross, or hath demurred
Which were the wiser choice ; but Meekness shows
Her lovely presence there, and Patience keeps
The sacred portal. Faith, with angel eye,
Standeth without, and there Repentance weeps,
And lifts, by Hope, directed to the sky,
Her drooping head, while pale Humility
The harvest of her self-abasement reaps.

Hark ! where the waters of eternal grace
Gush from the rock a full sufficient tide,
The voice is heard by Esay prophecied
To that belovèd, but rebellious, race,
Chosen by God of old. The honoured place
Of sons and daughters must they now divide
With strangers and with slaves unsanctified,
Aliens from Israel, who cannot trace
From Abraham and Isaac their descent.
Yea ! broad and deep is this baptismal wave,
An unexhausted and exhaustless river,
Who bathes in Faith is blessèd and for ever,
And happy they whose constant souls are bent
To keep its impress pure unto the grave.

•

“ Ye know not what ye ask,” wherefore desire
Riches that make them wings to flee away,
The pomps of Earth that lure while they betray,
And honours that may chance to feed the fire,
Where in ambition heavenly thoughts expire?
“ Ye know not what ye ask.” Would ye delay
The flight of those ye dearly love, or pray
For health undimmed, or haply ye require
Boons greater still?—“ Ye know not what ye ask,”
God’s love is shown, in that your idle prayers
Nothing avail ;—perchance a nobler task
Awaits you here than liberty to bask
In pleasure and in joy, whilst unawares
Steals forth the foe your fields to plant with tares.

Let me take heed, lest I, while swift to hear
The Word of God, am slothful to obey ;
Let me take heed, lest when I seek the way
To Life eterne, Hypocrisy is near
To tempt me from that path of faith and fear,
In Controversy's barren woods to stray,
A saint in name,—in truth a castaway !
Oh ! Saviour, do Thou write, in lines severe,
This lesson on my inmost heart, and guide
My feet within the Vineyard of thy Church ;
Let not the service of my lips proceed,
When far from Thee my soul is drawn aside ;
Try Thou my spirit, Lord, and sift and search,
And make my life appear a comment on my creed.

Above the City's tumult is there heard
A voice whose iron tongue invites to prayer,
That hallow'd sound cleaves it the murky air,
Bidding us flock to list the written Word?
In the fresh morning, ere the world hath stirr'd.
The fountain of our thoughts, does it declare
That same kind bell, its healing message where
Cluster the hamlet chimneys, and the bird
To the rude summons tunes his matin song?
Then be our senses quick to comprehend
That to the Sabbath not alone belong
The worship and the praise, which should ascend
A daily sacrifice His Courts among,
Who at all seasons is the Sinner's Friend.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

Dear Lord ! what have we here ? A man whose soul
Once burned with zeal Thy saints to persecute,
A Pharisee, who labour'd to refute
With "threat'nings and with slaughter" the control
Of Thy thrice blessèd Name, now doth enrol
His own amongst the brethren whom repute
Proclaims the objects of his wrath—nor mute,
Nor void of loftiest power the grace which stole
Into his heart when Ananias laid
On him his hands by Thy command, withal
Restoring sight. A precious Festival
Truly is this, and be Thy Church array'd
In robes of praise and flowers that cannot fade,
While she adores Thee for Thy servant Paul.

If thou, Jerusalem, who wert the seat
Of David's throne, the city loved of Him
Who reigneth aye between the Cherubim ;
If thou, whose stones were trodden by the feet
Of Prophets and Apostles, yea whose street
Bore footsteps greater far, hath to the brim
Filled up and drained thy cup of wrath, till dim
Thine eyes with weeping, and the dust is meet
To be thine only food :—if this be so,
Shall we not fear lest proud, perverse, and cold,
Our time of grace speeds by as did of old
Thine, Fallen One ! if we, to whom is given
The childrens' bread, still tamper with the foe,
Who would allure us far from God and Heaven.

Ere from the Mount of Terrors, Moses bore
The statutes of his God on tables twain,
And ere the Son of Man proclaimed again,
At Zion's Gates a milder, kinder lore,
The new Commandments of His love,—before
He spake, “Judge not lest ye be judged,” a strain
Unutterably sweet on Egypt's plain
Arose when Joseph ruled the Monarch's store;
Faith, Charity, Forgiveness, in his breast
Together dwelt, working each Christian grace:
When pale, with shame, his brethren sought his face,
What tender words their guilty dread repress,
“Fear not,—for am I in Jehovah's place?—
Be comforted, and take with me your rest!”

Our bounded vision hath no wider scope
Than the Time Present, coloured by the Past,
But let the clouds of Disappointment cast
Their gloom on the horizon of our Hope,
Too soon despairingly we cry, or grope
Our course impatient of the coming blast,
Or trembling bind us to the quaking mast
Of mortal ties. Oh ! vainest thought, to cope
With Love Omnipotent, and blind as vain,
For never mist obscures our atmosphere,
Nor howls the wind, nor falls the beating rain,
But He who guides the storm will also steer
Through rock and shoal our barks, and make it plain,
E'en to the faithless ones, that God is near.

THE SNOW.

How radiant a mantle hath she donned
Within one night this winter-stricken earth ;
Whilst we crept shivering to the blazing hearth,
Heaven's blessèd answer failed not to respond
To her mute prayer, and, lo ! th' enchanter's wand,
Hath clothed her thus in robes of precious worth ;
Now let the storms sweep on in their fierce mirth,
They cannot chill her bosom—warm and fond,
Let the thick clouds darken the rayless sun,
They cannot hurt the buried seed, nor blight
The buds in hidden silence bursting there ;
Shall *we* not also ask a cloke of light,
The spotless raiment of the Sinless One,
Our shield from woe—our shelter in despair !

The labour chant of maidens who surround
The village well, and loiter as they sing ;—
T' uncertain notes, half sweet, half quavering,
That from the weary vagrant's lips resound
The mother's cradle hymn—the voice renowned
Above its mates, whose tutor'd graces fling
A spell about young hearts ;—the songs which spring
From happy children, (music's wildest ground,)
Or the old ballad by the Christmas fire
Warbled at eve ;—how vocal is the earth !
Let not these tones be mute, when from the choir
Peals jubilant the organ's solemn mirth,
And Psalms of penitential woe expire,
To yield a place to themes of loftier birth.

Pray for the Sailor! pray for those who earn
A scanty living on the waters wide,
That our luxurious homes may be supplied
With daily comforts;—when thine eyes discern
A storm up-gath'ring in the west;—oh! turn
From worldly thoughts of pleasure and of pride,
And gaze in fancy on that wrathful tide,
Whose surges sing of death in accents stern;
It may be that ere night the sinner's cries
Of agony will o'er the waves be flung;
Oh! pray for those who for themselves pray not;
It may be that ere morn the hymn will rise
Faith's latest effort from the Christian's tongue,
“Depart in peace!” be not these words forgot!

KING CHARLES THE MARTYR.

What majesty of grief is this which rears
Unto the skies his “grey discrownèd head?”
Whose the calm eye, the firm, unflinching tread,
That speaks a triumph over human fears?
Behold a scaffold pledged to blood and tears,
Behold the Lord’s Anointed thither led;
A witness to the power divinely shed
Around the throne of kings! The lapse of years
Leaves on the nation’s brow the crimson stain
Of that unhallow’d deed, although the groan
Still doth arise of thousands prompt to own
The deep offence;—and thus must it remain,
Did not the Lamb’s own precious blood atone
For that which followed when His Saint was slain.

Yes ! be our moods inconstant as the waves,
Born of perpetual change and ever-fleeting,
Elate with courage now, and now retreating
To seek their brethren in their nameless graves ;
Yet have these denizens of Ocean caves
A Queen to rule their wild and wayward beating,
And surely at her bidding come they greeting,
To render homage as obedient slaves :
And she, the Ladye of the Tides, hath One
To whom she owes her sovereignty of light,
Herself the meek recipient of His beams.
This be our parable. Behold the Sun
Of Righteousness is here, and the Moon seems
A symbol for the Church in beauty bright !

Art thou as he, who sought from year to year
Bethesda's pool, unto his fellows praying
For needful aid, that suffered no delaying,
Yet destined Disappointment's bitter tear
Unheeded still to shed? Around thy bier

Of living death, say, are those waters playing,
The Angel's looked-for touch of love obeying,
Others to heal, and leave *thee* moaning here?

Be thy faith strong—thy patience all unfailing,
And at thy bed of grief or sin shall stand

One, Who can turn to songs of joy thy wailing,
More merciful than the unpitying band

Which passed thee by,—more powerful to save
Than he who virtue to Bethesda gave.

Yet, if indeed thy prayer is not unheard,—
If thy long years of faith thus sorely tried,
And humble watchfulness have drawn aside
The Great Physician's steps,—if at His word
Thou wert made whole, although the Angel stirred
The waters not for thee,—spread far and wide
The wondrous deed, and be thou too espied,
Like him of old, with worship und deferred
Within the Temple gates, remembering there
The voice that spake beneath the sacred dome,
And still speaks on as in those ages past :—
“ Behold ! now art thou healèd ; but beware
Transgression for the future, lest there come
On thee a heavier sentence than the last.”

Who shed upon the rose's blushing cheek
A fragrance better than her loveliness ;
Who clothed the woodbine in a royal dress
Of scarlet and of gold, yet bade her speak
A language honey-fraught ? Who gave the meek
And blue-eyed violet (angel hermitess !)
So rich a power the wanderer to bless ?
Who makes the strongest yield unto the weak,—
The fairest to the homely,—by bestowing
The boon of tender odours on their sighs ?
Is it not He, whose hand is overflowing
With spiritual gifts, and Who supplies
Grace to His human blossoms, whether growing
In Beauty's sheen, or weeds of humbler guise ?

The world had numbered Angel guests before,
The special ministers of God's command
On Mamre's plain, and when the wingèd band
Witnessed th' eternal promise to restore
E'en through the Sleeper's seed, of blessing more
Than perished at the Fall; and he whose hand
Led Israel forth from thè Egyptian's land,
And that bright form who to Manoah bore
Tidings of joy:—but not till now had tongue
Uttered such words as the Archangel spake
Unto the Maid of Nazareth, while sung
The listening hosts of Heaven; mission unmeet
For meaner lips than Gabriel's to take
Straight from the radiance of the Mercy-Seat!

Oh ! Virgin Mother, truly 'twere a wrong
To hail thee as a Goddess, and transfer
The service of each contrite worshipper,
That to thy Son Emmanuel should belong,
To thy meek shrine ;—yet if thy Heav'n-taught song
Of exultation faileth not to stir
Our hearts with praise, surely we do not err
In rev'rend love, to count thy place among
The chiefest of God's saints, who wert esteemed
Worthy to be His Parent upon earth,
(The chosen shoot from Jesse's sacred stem ;)
Oh ! holy Mary, how can the redeemed
Forget the Author of that wondrous birth,
Or her blest pains at lowly Bethlehem !

The faithful woods have cast their summer leaves,
Save where the laurel's shining boughs are seen,
Or ilex stands in ever-living green,
Or arbutus a fairy bower weaves
Of fruit and flowers. The swallow from the eaves
Long hath departed, and the honey queen
Her duties well fulfilled, calm and serene,
Hath laid her down to perish ;—Nature grieves
Above her children's tombs, and yet despair
The pulses of her bosom never stirs,
For spring will come, when trees will bloom as fair,
The swallow chirp as gaily, and the bee
Go murmuring forth among the golden furze,
Blythe as of old ;—may *we* not also share,
Dear Lord, this pledge of Immortality !

It may be that the voice of praise hath stilled
Thy conscience with its syren lullaby ;
It may be that the friends of Home supply
Thy heart's desires, or happy Love hath filled
Thy hands with roses, fair enough to build
A bower in the Desert ;—or the cry
Of bitter tongues, perchance, hath made thee fly
For refuge to self worship, those who chilled
Thy young affections, scoffing at thy pride :
Oh ! learn alike to fear the weal and woe,
As wandering rivers that far distant glide,
From whence the springs of living waters flow,
Among whose banks and darksome hollows grow
Pernicious fruits, and weeds unsanctified.

ONE LOOK ALONE!

When infant sorrows stir our breasts,
And bring the April showers down ;
And hidden thorns the truth attests
How faithless is the May-day crown ;
Swift to our mother's arms we fly,
There joy *must* welcome back her own,
Nor need be uttered lullaby,
No words,—no words,—*one look alone !*

When bright with hope the fields of June,
And summer flowers are opening wide,
And young hearts beat to Passion's tune,
Who worldly harmonies deride ;
Enough for them, if they can meet
A soul to thrill with kindred tone,
And ask, whilst kneeling at her feet,
No words,—no words,—*one look alone !*

When Autumn storms have rent the vine,
And scattered round her purple store,
And ancient friends their trust resign,
For thoughts they never knew before ;

Oh! hasten ere the vintage hour,
To bind the branches overthrown,
Brief task, where Love still walks in power,
No words,—no words,—*one look alone!*

When in the stark December glades
Hushed are the songs of bird and bee,
And music-loving nature fades
Into a death-cold lethargy ;
If by a fresh turned grave we stand,
And weeping kiss the sacred stone,
We hear a voice,—we clasp a hand,—
No words,—no words,—*one look alone!*

LINES WRITTEN IN PEMBROKE CASTLE.

I leant against a battlement of Pembroke's ruins grey,
As sunshine on the Castle wall smiled nature's holiday,
While dear friends sought with fearless steps each
donjon, keep, and tower,
Or sketched a sweet memorial for many an after hour :

But not with these I gaily roved, and not with those I
 scanned
 The bastion and pointed arch by Norman builder
 planned,
 Or transferred with a skilful hand into the travelled
 page
 Monckton's dim Priory, that told of a remoter age :

For then a dreamy retrospect absorbed my heart and
 brain,
 I lived mid shadows of the Past, which seemed to
 breathe again,
 And silently my memory woke the legends of the
 place
 That owns the birth of Richmond's Earl, the founder
 of his race.

In yon cold chamber, ivy-wreathed, first opened to
 the light
 The infant eyes of him who gave our ancestors their
 right,—
 The hardest soldier of his time,—the crowned of
 Bosworth field,
 Th' prosperous monarch who could rest securely on
 his shield :

A mother's kiss here smoothed the brow born to a
diadem,
And pressed the hand that should unite the rival
roses' stem,
A mother's love here watched the dawn of that deep-
thinking mind,
And guarded well the little feet for rougher paths
designed :

Within that court the bold boy leapt upon his gallant
steed,
Or gave with childish eagerness the wandering bard
his meed,
How proud the morning when he donned his shining
maiden sword,
Or rode a tilt, or twanged a bow down on yon grassy
sward.

Yes ! Henry, yes ! *thou* wert the first of that bright
Tudor line,
Which o'er the destinies of worlds once shed its rays
divine,
Poor England's war-stained frame to fill with renovated
youth,
The friend of Science, and of Art, the champion of
Truth.

Thus steeped in History's lore, my soul looked back
 upon the past,
 Too anxious to endue with life the treasures there
 amassed,
 Recalling with a throbbing pulse those old triumphant
 days, .
 Which crowned our Isle with laurel wreaths, and girt
 her paths with praise :

And fain would I have conjured up in glorious review,
 The giant spirits of that age,—the wise,—the brave,
 —the true,—
 When British armies won the field, and British ships
 the sea,
 And Poesy went hand in hand with proud Philosophy :

But higher interests fixed my thoughts, and led my
 errant pen,
 For then Religion was released from Superstition's
 den,
 The cords were loosèd from her feet, the bandage from
 her eyes,
 And her white hands again were raised unsullied to
 the skies :

Though stripped of Popish ornaments her raiment
was not mean,
For Kings her nursing fathers were, her mother
reigned a Queen,
And Martyrs poured their life drops forth for her a
ruby store,
While pearls from God's own priceless Word about
her neck she bore :

Then forth she walked, meekly, serene as when in
days of eld,
The holy Patriarchs of our Church her loveliness
beheld,
Undaunted at the bigot's curse,—the axe,—the stake,
—the chain,—
And strengthened in the lofty hearts that followed in
her train :

And still she lingers upon earth, watched by a faith-
ful band,
Her presence fills our homes with love, and con-
secrates the land,
And jealous spies surround her camp, lest the foe
enter in,
To sully her bright purity with folly and with sin.

Spare then, oh ! ruthless Time, I pray, these high and
hoary towers,
Long o'er these battlements renew the waving ivy-
flowers,
So future pilgrims hither led, perchance, these walls
may trace,
And bless, whilst musing on their Faith, the Royal
Tudor race !

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

No name but His ! within His house there rest
No records of the hands that fashioned it,
No vain memorial of the pious breast
Whence first arose the hallowed thought to fit
A temple for His service in the wild ;—
Their offerings and their worship both were given
Free as the Magi's to the Saviour Child,
Nor counted they the cost to win the smile of Heaven.

No name but His ! high o'er the porch is raised

The symbol of His passion, wind and rain
Oft have assailed it, since the builder gazed

With thankful eyes on the completed fane,
And in yon niche beneath, with grateful care,

The Mother and her holy Babe enshrined,
Who smiled alike on all who entered there,

The sinner, and the saint, the noble, and the hind.

No name but His ! softly the orient light

Pours in its radiance, through the window planned
To shadow forth His Trinity, and dight

With store of emblems, of His high command,
His meekness, and His mercy ; whether crowned,

Or as a shepherd, strong in love he bends
Beneath the burden of the lost one found,

Or as the Lamb of God, His flag of peace extends.

No name but His ! Upon the Altar stone

His monogram is sculptured, and above

The tokens of His death and suffering, prone
To lift our hearts with reverential love ;

Nave, aisles, and chancel, tower, and roof, and floor,

Where'er we turn one mind inspires them all,

No name but *His* whom only we adore,

No record but of *Him* on whom alone we call !

“HIC JACET.”

Let Pride, and Pomp, and Glory claim
The marble tomb, the sculptur'd urn,
But in our heart of hearts thy name
Shall, like a lamp undying, burn.

Beneath the aspen's trembling shade,
That scarcely veils the morning sun,
Where erst thy childish footsteps played,
With flowers thy bed is over-run :

There art thou sleeping,—yet not so,
Th' immortal essence haply stays
Our tears to soften as they flow,
Upwards our drooping brows to raise.

Yes ! still we see thy gliding form,
The wavings of thy shadowy hair,
The pressure of thy hand is warm,
Thy voice, the voice of Love and Prayer.

We know thee now as when we thought,
Rejoicing on thy early days,
And marvell'd at a mind so fraught
With Modesty's translucent rays ;

So humble, that it fain would hide
E'en from itself, its inner life,—
So gentle, that a look of pride
Wounded it sore as mortal strife.

What need hadst thou of Duty's chain
To bind thee to thy household cares,
Or of Obedience to restrain
Thy quiet feet from worldly snares ?

The twilight of a blessèd home,—
Thy father's fields, and fireside glow,—
These were thy pleasures, and *to roam*
A dark mysterious sound of woe.

And well thy “first domestic loves,”
By him,* the deep in spirit mourned,
With warblings filled thy native groves,
With bloom thy bounded path adorned :

* Coleridge.

Toil (if for others) thou didst hail,
And Pain and Watching seemed to thee
But semi-tones in Life's grand scale
To vary its monotony :

Yet, who that saw thee could deny
Th' unconscious music of thy soul,
The soothing influence of thine eye,
The harmony which blent the whole :

Oh ! nothing recked thy simple worth
Of vanity, or selfish leaven,
We weep thee, and we bend to Earth,—
We praise thee, and we glance to Heaven !

XX SONNETS,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

XL.—IN VITA.

Albeit I have kept thee from transgressing,
Nor e'er dishonoured thee with Falsehood's strain,
Oh ! my ungrateful tongue ! yet art thou fain
Shame and reproach to render for my blessing ;
For when I need thine aid, and would be pressing
To win Love's recompense, thou dost remain
Most icy cold, or otherwise, thy strain
Is faltering as a dreamer's low confessing ;
And ye, sad tears, throughout the livelong night
Desert me never, but when *she* is near
Whom ye might move, then instantly ye fail ;
Ye too, my sighs, fall faintly on my ear,
So prone in torturing me to take delight,
My gaze alone reveals my heart's fond tale.

LIV.—IN VITA.

Not all the spells of the magician's art,
Not potent herbs, nor travel o'er the main,
But those sweet eyes alone can soothe my pain,
And they which struck the blow must heal the smart;
Those eyes from meaner love have kept my heart,
Content one single image to retain,
And censure but the medium wild and vain,
If ill my words their honeyed sense impart ;
These are those beauteous eyes which never fail
To prove Love's conquest, wheresoe'er they shine,
Although my breast hath oftenest felt their fire ;
These are those beauteous eyes which still assail
And penetrate my soul with sparks divine,
So that of singing them I cannot tire.

LXVIII.—IN VITA.

Her golden tresses to the gale were streaming,
That in a thousand knots did them entwine,
And the sweet rays which now so rarely shine
From her enchanting eyes, were brightly beaming,
And—was it fancy?—o'er that dear face gleaming
Methought I saw Compassion's tint divine;
What marvel that this ardent heart of mine
Blazed swiftly forth, impatient of Love's dreaming?
There was nought mortal in her stately tread
But grace angelic, and her speech awoke
Than human voices a far loftier sound,
A spirit of Heaven,—a living Sun she broke
Upon my sight;—what if these charms be fled?—
The slackening of the bow heals not the wound.

XCVII.—IN VITA.

That lovely pallor that so well concealed
Her wonted smile, like cloud in summer skies,
With grace untold into my heart did rise,
And each emotion hidden there revealed ;
Then I perceived what heavenly regions yield,
The looks that are exchanged in Paradise,
This tender sentiment alone these eyes
Beheld—to other sights their lids were sealed.
Each glance angelic, each meek attitude,
That e'er in woman's soul could Love betray,
To that I sing contempt and scorn would be ;
Gently she bent to Earth in kindest mood,
Her fair regards, and silent, seemed to say,
“My faithful friend, who take him thus from me ?”

CXXV.—IN VITA.

What realm of Heaven, what unseen region, lent
The model from whence Nature took that face,
That countenance of loveliness and grace,
On which her utmost skill was fairly spent?
What fountain nymph, what goddess ever sent
Such golden ringlets to the winds' embrace?
When did so many virtues find a place
Within one soul?—Witness the fatal rent
Made in this heart of mine:—he, who her eyes
Has not beheld beaming on all around,
Can little reck of Beauty's noblest guise;
And he, whose ear is stranger to the sound
Of her sweet laughter, honeyed speech, and sighs,
Knows not the power of Love to heal and wound.

CXXVIII.—IN VITA.

Oh! bright and happy flowers and herbage blest
On which my Ladye treads ;—oh ! favoured plain
That hears her accents sweet, and can retain
The traces by her fairy steps imprest ;—
Pure shrubs, with your young verdure newly drest,—
Pale amorous violets,—leafy woods, where deign
To pierce the Sun's warm rays, and thus sustain
Your lofty stature, and umbrageous crest ;—
Oh ! thou, fair country, and thou crystal stream ;
Which bathes her countenance, and sparkling eyes,
Stealing fresh lusture from their living beam ;
How do I envy thee these precious ties !
Thy rocky shores will soon be taught to gleam
With the same flame that burns in all my sighs.

CXLIX.—IN VITA.

If the soft glance, the speech, both kind and wise,
Of that belovèd one can wound me so,
And if, when e'er she lets her accents flow,
Or even smiles, Love gains such victories ;
Alas ! what should I do, were those dear eyes,
Which now secure my life through weal and woe,
From fault of mine, or evil Fortune, slow
To shed on me their light in Pity's guise ?
And if my trembling spirit groweth cold
Whene'er I see change to her aspect spring,
This fear is only born of trials old ;
(Woman by nature is a fickle thing.)
And hence I know her heart hath power to hold
But a brief space Love's sweet imagining !

CLVIII.—IN VITA.

Come, Love, and, as companions, let us, gaze
On glorious things beyond all Nature fair;
Behold where sweetness falls in showers rare,—
Behold on earth the light of heavenly rays,—
Behold that robe, so far above our praise,
Broidered, in gold and pearl, with choicest care,—
Behold how gracefully these feet repair,
Led by those eyes, by hill-environed ways:
The verdant turf and flowers of varied hue,
Spread 'neath the shade of yonder ancient tree,
Pray to salute her footsteps as they glide
And the sweet skies kindle with brighter blue,
Rejoicing in her lovely eyes to see
Whence their serene effulgence is supplied.

CLXXXIII.—IN VITA.

Say, from what vein did Love procure the gold
To make those sunny tresses? From what thorn
Stole he the rose, and whence the dew of morn,
Bidding them breathe and live in Beauty's mould?
What depth of ocean gave the pearls that told
Those gentle accents sweet though rarely born
Whence came so many graces to adorn
A brow more fair than summer skies unfold?
Oh! say, what Angels lead, what spheres control
That song divine which wastes my life away?
(Who can with trifles now my senses move?)
What sun gave birth unto the lofty soul
Of those enchanting eyes, whose glances stray
To burn and freeze my heart—the sport of Love?

VII.—IN MORTE.

Oh ! my sad eyes, our sun is overcast,—
But it hath strayed to Heaven, and there is shining,
Waiting our coming, and perchance repining
At our delay ; there shall we meet at last :
And there, mine ears, her angel words float past,
Those who best understand their sweet divining ;
Howe'er my feet, unto the search inclining,
Ye cannot reach her in those regions vast.
Why, then, do ye torment me thus, for oh !
It is no fault of mine, that ye no more
Behold, and hear, and welcome her below ;
Blame Death,—or rather praise him and adore,
Who binds and frees, restrains and letteth go,
And to the weeping one, can joy restore.

XV.—IN MORTE.

Thou hast despoiled the fairest face e'er seen,
Thou hast extinguished, Death, the brightest eyes,
And snapt the cord in sunder of the ties,
Which bound that spirit brilliantly serene ;
In one short moment, all I love has been
Torn from me, and dark silence now supplies
Those gentle tones ; my heart which bursts with
sighs,
Nor sight, nor sound, from weariness can screen :
Yet doth my Ladye, by compassion led,
Return to solace my unfailing woe,
Earth yeilds no other balm :—oh ! could I tell
How bright she seems, and how her accents flow,
Not unto man alone, Love's flames would spread,
But even bears and tigers share the spell.

XI.—IN MORTE.

If when the birds their strains of sadness pour,
Or green leaves to the summer breezes wake ;
Or when, upon a fresh and flowery shore,
The crystal waves in liquid murmurs break,
Then if I sit thoughtful for Love's sweet sake,
She, whom Earth hides, and Heaven holds in store,
Appears, and from her distant home doth make
This answer to the sorrows I deplore :—

“ Ah ! wherefore art thou in such haste to die ? ”
Fondly she asks me,—“ wherefore and for whom
Gush forth the tears, in torrents, from thine eye ?
Weep not for me, for from the dismal tomb
Hath sprung eternal happiness, and I,
In truth, awoke, when Death wrapt me in seeming
gloom.”

XX.—IN MORTE.

My heavy sighs fill the surrounding ear,
As from these rugged slopes I view the plain
Where she was born, who held my heart in chain
When, in the flower of her age, so fair
She rose to Heaven, causing me such despair
By her unlooked for flight, that still I strain
My weary eyes to seek her, but in vain,
Whilst every spot my tears of sorrow share :
Nor is there stem nor stone among these hills,—
Branch or green leaf within these solitudes,—
Grass blade or blossom in this vale's recess,—
Nor flows one drop of water in these rills,—
Nor lives one beast among these savage woods
That knoweth not my grief's deep bitterness.

XXXIV.—IN MORTE.

Methought I rose unto that upper sphere,
Where dwells she who on earth I seek in vain,
And, 'mid the throng of the third Heaven, again
I saw her, lovelier far, but less severe.
She took me by the hand and whispered, "Here,
If hope deceives not, thou shalt soon remain,
I am the one who caused thee so much pain,
And closed my day of life ere eve drew near;
Mine is a happiness the human mind
Conceives not of,—I wait for thee alone,
And that bright veil which thou wert wont to prize:"—
Ah ! wherefore paused she, and my hand resigned,
For words so gentle, and so pure in tone,
Had almost power to keep me in the skies.

XXXIII.—IN MORTE.

Thou valley, with my fond regrets o'erflowing,
And torrent, swollen by the frequent tear!
Dark woods, sweet birds, and fish, that all appear
Shut in between these slopes, with verdure glowing!
Ye gales, that from my constant sighs are growing
Soft and serene!—pathway, no longer dear,
And hill that tires, which once had power to cheer,
Where yet, by habit taught, Love leads my going;
In ye your wonted aspects I discern,—
Not thus, alas! with me, to whom are given,
Instead of happy life, unnumbered pains;
Here saw I my beloved, and here return
To view the spot whence she rose up to Heaven,
Leaving on earth nought but her fair remains.

XXXV.—IN MORTE.

Love, who wert wont in happy hours to seek
These shores, when we upon our friends would dream,
Or settle our disputes, whilst thou didst seem
With me and with the river oft to speak ;—
Ye flowers, and leaves, ye caves, and airs,—and eke
High hills, deep vales, and plains that open gleam,
And thou blest haven mine, that would redeem
And shelter me from fortunes sad and bleak ;
Oh ! fair inhabitants of forests green,—
Oh ! nymphs, and ye that on this grassy bed
In liquid crystal feed and live for ever,
My days once bright as yours, now dark are seen,
Like Death who makes them so,—well is it said,
“ In this world man is free from sorrow never ! ”

XXXVII.—IN MORTE.

Beautiful spirit! loosened from the ties
The loveliest that Nature's skill could weave,
Think of my sadness in thy Heaven, and leave
Awhile thy happy musings for my sighs :
No more those treacherous feelings can arise
Which made me once thy gaze of coldness grieve,
Now all securely may thine ears receive
My plaint, and thou may'st bend on me thine eyes.
Look on the rock whence Sorga flows, and there,
Amid bright flowers and streams, one thou wilt see,
Who on thy memory feeds, and on despair ;
But though Love's birth-place unto thee and me,
Let not thy late abode thy glances share,
Lest thou behold what would displeasing be.

XLII.—IN MORTE.

Zephyr returns, the radiant season bringing,
With her fair family of grass and flowers ;
And Progne chirps, and Philomel is singing
Her notes of woe, while blush the springtide hours,
The laughing fields, the skies with gladness ringing,
Make Jove rejoice, to view his daughter's bowers,
In every living creature Love is springing,
And earth, and air, and water own his powers.
But ah ! the heaviest sighs return to me,—
Sighs drawn from out my breast, by her who reigns
In Heaven, o'er my heart so potently ;
The hills may bloom, and birds pour forth their
 strains,
And lovely women pass, but I can see
Nothing but savage wilds and desert plains.

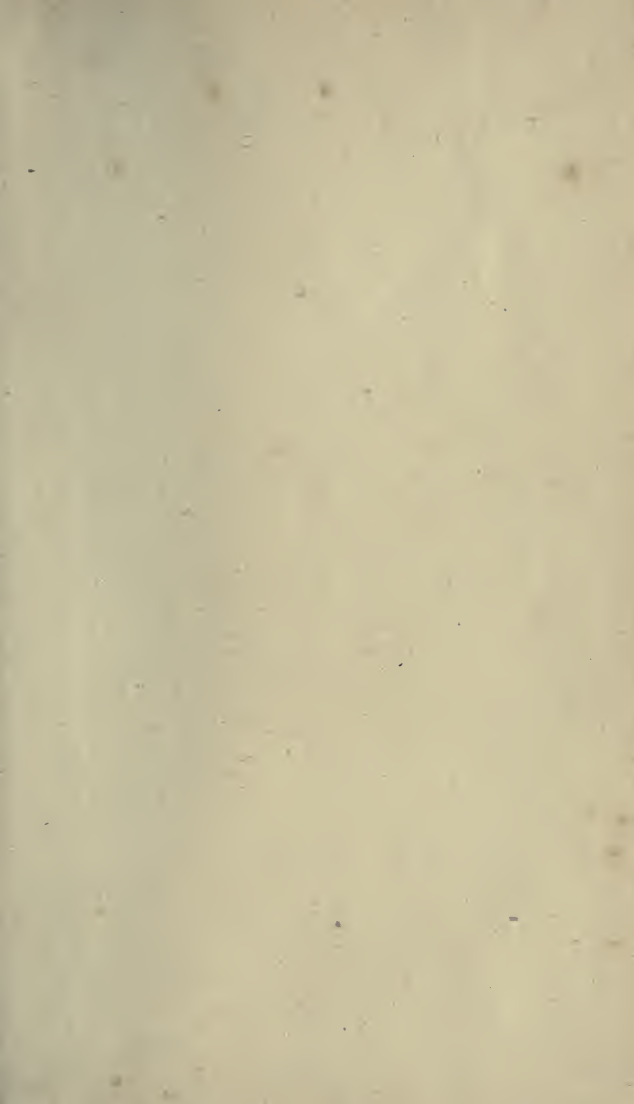
LXIX.—IN MORTE.

Dear precious pledge, by Nature snatched away,
But yet reserved for me in realms undying;
Oh! thou on whom my life is aye relying,
Why tarry thus, when for thine aid I pray?
Time was, when Sleep could to mine eyes convey
Sweet visions, worthy thee;—why is my sighing
Unheeded now—who keeps thee from replying?
Surely contempt in Heaven cannot stay:
Often on earth the gentlest heart is fain
To feed and banquet on another's woe,
(Thus Love is conquered in his own domain,)
But thou, who seest through me, and doth know
All that I feel,—thou, who canst soothe my pain,
Oh! let thy blessèd shade its peace bestow.

XC.—IN MORTE.

Thou wandering bird, that melancholy lay
Thou singest o'er thy vanished hours of glee,
For night and winter close upon the lea,
And all thy joyous months have sped away ;
If thou couldst know that I too am a prey
To heavy grief, and thus our fates agree ;
Then to this aching bosom thou would'st flee
To share the woes which nothing can allay :
Haply the absent mate thou dost deplore
Still lives and sings, though in a distant glade ;
But Death and Heaven have taken all my store,
Yet this dark season, and eve's coming shade,
Recalling sweet and bitter things of yore,
Invite for thee my pity's gentle aid.





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